Marion Titus

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The Silly Buttercup.

Down in a field one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she was a daisy.

For daisies grow so twig and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
Just in the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although the gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said the sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"Your nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
God wishes for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

—*Transcript.*

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!"

How Rob Ray Triumphed.

Rob was tired. It seemed to him that he had always been tired. As he sanntered up the gravel path to his home, he thought he was very glad the next day was Saturday. This particular night he felt very much out of sorts.

That afternoon, Eugene Banks, his classmate, had said to him, "You needn't think, Rob Ray, that you can gain *all* old Smith's favor this term and the prize in Latin besides. We fellows, some of us are just as good and know as much as you if we don't dig potatoes for a living."

The sneer that accompanied this rude speech had cut deeper than the words; but at that moment the bell rang and Rob's flushed face and flashing eyes were hidden in the throng of boys as the ranks formed.

When, an hour later, Eugene Banks failed in his translation and Prof. Smith heartily praised Rob for his fine rendering of the same passage, Rob could hardly refrain from a wicked glance of triumph toward Eugene.

Rob's father had died but a year before, leaving his mother the pretty cottage home, with its garden and fruit, where they now resided. Rob, then a strong, active lad of fourteen, had said to his mother that with a little help he was sure he could make the trees and soil yield sufficient income for their little family without molesting the few hundred dollars in the bank.

It was now at the opening of the fall term. Rob had had no vacation but had done almost a man's work through the hot summer days, in order to have time for school. For Rob was ambitious to fit himself for college, and sometime he

hoped to be master of a profession by which he could support his mother and little sister.

Eugene Banks, some two years his senior, was the son of a wealthy judge who lived in a beautiful mansion not far from Rob's home.

Rob lay in the shade half awake. From the piazza came a sweet childish voice. The words of her song fell on his ear.

"I've two little hands to work for Jesus,
One little tongue His praise to tell,
Two little ears to hear His counsels,
One little voice His song to swell.

"I've two little feet to tread the pathway,
Up to the heavenly courts above,
Two little eyes to read the Bible,
Telling of Jesus' wondrous love.

"I've one little heart to give to Jesus,
One little soul for Him to save,
One little life for His dear service,
One little self that He must have."

In a moment a curly head appeared. "Why, Rob, you here? Mamma's been waiting for you. Aunt Lizzie came this afternoon and she left a big bundle down—somewhere, and mamma wants you to get it," and five-year-old Baby Belle seated herself beside her big brother.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Rob. "I do wish—" but he checked himself and went into the house.

It was several hours afterwards. Rob could not sleep, but lay tossing on his bed thinking—thinking.

That evening as he was returning from the errand for his aunt, Eugene Banks, in an elegant carriage drawn by a span of grays, had driven by him. As he passed, he shouted, "say, Rob! what's the price of oats? Mamma's little errand boy, aren't you?"

It was trying to Rob—these jeers and taunts, for Eugene was quite a leader among the boys and Rob felt that before the slose of the term Eugene would make enemies for him if possible.

"Never mind," he thought, *I'll* be true, come what may."

A rap sounded at his door;—then his mother's voice, "Rob, dress as quickly as you can and go for Dr. Ames, Belle is sick!"

Baby Belle—his pet sister! Rob needed no second bidding. In a very brief space of time he stood at the physician's door. The message given, he was hurrying back, when—what is that? In the distance a wavering glimmer, then a bright flash—yes, another! Hastening around the corner he saw it all in a moment;—flames bursting from two windows of the roof of Judge Banks's residence. The streets were silent; it was past midnight and the city was wrapped in sleep.

A clear, young voice rang out on the frosty air, "Fire! fire!"

Arrived at the house, the angry flames were raging higher. They were already under terrible headway. Rob burst in a window and shouted the names of the family. Brave hearts and strong hands were soon on the spot, but as for saving property aid seemed useless.

The flames were bursting from the second story, when the Judge's pallid face appeared at a window. "Oh, my little daughter!—my child!—in the east wing—is there no help!"

Smoke and flame filled hall and stairway leading to the chamber toward which the Judge had frantically pointed. Bright tongues darted from the room adjoining, while overhead the fiery element threatened instantaneous destruction.

Rob, below in the surging crowd, heard the agonized appeal. Quick came the thought of his own darling sister. What if it were Baby Belle!

With an unuttered prayer for help, he sprang forward. "That ladder this way!" called out a ringing voice.

"Boy! are you mad?" shouted a fireman, but Rob was already half-way up.

Only a moment, when nothing was heard save the terrific roar and crackle. There he is again at the window! "Quick! Catch her!" and the precious bundle of humanity dropped into strong arms below—safe!

And Rob? Somehow it all seems like a fearful dream to him now. The excitement had been too much for his system, weakened as it already was by overwork. Brain fever was followed by nervous prostration and during the long winter Rob was not once out of doors. But he was not lonely. He was not aware he had so many friends. Chief among them were Judge Banks and his son Eugene.

"The robins sang in the orchard,
The buds into blossoms grew."

and Rob after much urging from the Judge was to accompany Eugene to college in the fall. Unknown to Rob, also, his bank stock was increasing, for Judge Banks felt that he owed a debt he could never pay.

One evening, arrangements having been previously made with Mrs. Ray, the boys of his class took Rob and the cottage by storm. At the

close of the happy evening," he said, "I want to tell you why I always treated our friend Robert so shamefully. It was because I was envious and jealous. He was better than I and I knew it. He stood upon the foundation of a Christian character. I was building upon the sand. He has forgiven me;—God has forgiven me. Boys, the example of Robert Ray has made me a Christian. Christ is *my* Saviour as well as his."

All in the room found it hard to speak directly, because of a choking sensation. One of the boys broke the silence by passing a box to Robert saying, 'Open it after we are gone. I meant to make a speech but I can't do it."

After it was all over, and the last one had said "good-night," Rob opened the box in the presence of his mother and Belle. On the case of the beautiful gold watch was engraved, "Class of '85."

Rob bowed his head upon both hands. "Mother, they are too good!" was all he said.

Boys, my story is ended. If you can not do great things, be faithful in the every-day tasks. Be true to yourselves. Be true to God.—*Sel.*

My Father.

In a storm at sea, when the danger pressed and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not. Was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No, he was not an expert sailor; but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand; for he holds all these waters there!"

A LITTLE boy had to be punished for saying bad words. His sister said that mamma was "unlearning" Freddy the bad words. I should think that was a great deal harder than learning them. There is a better way than to "unlearn." It is the squirrel's way. When he gets a bad nut he does not fill his mouth with it, and then make a wry face and spit it out. He just throws it away without tasting it. It is easier to keep sin out of the heart than to *put* it out.

EVERY back has its pack.

For the Myrtle.

Singing "America."

A little boy just four years old,
Is very fond of singing.
And often sings with his mamma,
His song-book to her bringing.

For though he does not know a note,
And scarcely any letter,
He feels quite cerlain that the book,
Helps him to sing much better.

"Dare to do Right," and "Auld Lang Syne,"
Are tunes he knows completely,
America,—he likes that hymn,
And sings it too, quite sweetly.

"Land where my *father* died," he sings,——
"Fathers," we say, correcting:
"*Fathers! fathers!*" he says with scorn
The plural form rejecting——

"*How many fathers do they have?*
Then goes on with his singing,
Too busy with his music-book,
To note our laughter ringing. H. H. D.

Fog and Grog.

Arthur was walking along the beach with his father one fine afternoon. He had been watching the bathers bobbing up and down, the red caps or flapping straw hats shining in the water like shoals of buoys in the ocean. Here and there he picked up a cork or a wine-bottle, and at length his father pointed out to him a great hulk of a vessel that had recently been wrecked. It had on it an immense load of coal—several hundred toms. You could now look into it and see piles of coal, but no one could get at it, and it would cost more to get it out than it was worth; so at last the coal was sold for eleven dollars.

"How did it happen to get wrecked?" asked Arthur.

"I asked that question," replied his father, "of a gentleman with whom I walked to the wreck the day after the accident, and I said to him, 'I suppose it was caused by fog?' He replied in one word to my question, and that one word was 'grog.' So, upon inquiry, I learned that this was true—that the crew had been drinking, and, of course, with unsteady hands they could not steer the vessel in a straightforward course." So with many wrecks in life. Men make mistakes that end in ruin, and they often find that there is more danger in grog than in fog.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THOU shalt not steal.

For the Myrtle.

Following Christ.

'Tis the blessing of the season
That the peoples far and wide,
All rejoice in gentle giving
At the holy Christmas tide.

So our brethren of the Norseland
Give the birds the precious grain,
Thus by heart and hand renewing
Jesus loving power again.

E. M. B.

Midnight Sunshine.

The London *Globe*, speaking of the singular spectacle of midnight sunshine in the North, says :—

"For six weeks there is scarcely any night in the North of Sweden; the sun never sets, and the soil, constantly heated, produces, in a month and a half, barley and other crops. At that time of the year the Swedish Laplanders pen up their reindeer and move their huts toward the cultivated fields.

"Being very hospitable, they greet with joy the arrival of tourists, who generally meet at Mt. Gellaware, about ninety miles from Lulea. From that hill, which is about six hundred yards high, the beautiful spectacle of the 'midnight sun' can be admired in better conditions than from any other place.

"The 24th of June is the day selected for the ascension; it is the longest day in the year, the sun being twenty-two hours above the horizon. Upon this occasion the 24th of June was not favored by fine weather, but the following day, travelers were well rewarded for their trouble, the sun shining brightly at midnight."

When the ancient Greeks wanted to find a type of courage, they did not select the lion, or the tiger, or the war-horse, but, strange to say, the common house-fly. Do not let a fly excel you in courage.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

For the Myrtle.

Rosie's Service.

ROSIE DOWSE belongs to the "Dicky Bird Society."

She is a very little girl as you see, but very little children can do good in their way, just as well as large people can in their's.

The "Dicky Bird Society" is made to protect the birds, both in Winter and Summer and even the least little child can understand what the birds need to live on, and what they need for their protection.

Rosie, though she is so small, knows that birds have to eat, to live, just as much as little girls do. So when the Winter comes, and Rosie's mother has told her that the flowers are gone, and the seeds are gone, and the honey of the flowers is gone, then Rosie knows that the birds need help to live.

You would understand that she uses her hands for the holy work of her Master, if you should see her scattering seed with them to save the birds from perishing.

Go ye little ones and do likewise, for the Lord loveth the merciful. E. M. B.

Ninety years ago the first English missionary offered himself, and now the whole number of evangelical foreign missionaries is five thousand, and they are leaders of a native host of thirty thousand helpers of all kinds.

Covered sins will one day expose to shame.

Good Old Tray.

Ralph was not a poor child; in fact, he had every thing around him for his comfort and happiness.

He had a dear papa and mamma and a lovely home in the mountains, where the hills were covered with moss in the summer, and snow-clad in the winter.

Ralph had no brothers or sisters, but his own dear pony and his good old Tray were his constant playmates.

With all these pleasant surroundings Ralph might have been unhappy, for he could not walk. He was eight years old, and his dog was almost as old as he was. Tray was very young when Ralph's papa bought him, but as soon as he was strong enough a harness was made for him, and he was taught to draw Ralph in his wagon, and in the winter Ralph would glide over the snow, snugly tucked in with his nice warm robe, and the merry bells jingling, like a jolly Laplander.

And Tray had a kennel so large and roomy that Ralph called it his barn, and he himself often crept in to see if his good old dog had a comfortable bed.

One lovely afternoon Ralph went to see his grandma, who lived over the hills, about a mile away. When he was about half a mile from home his harness broke, and he was unable to go any further. Poor Ralph was seated on the ground in great distress, for he had no means of getting home, and he could not walk one step.

"Well, my old Tray, what shall we do?" said Ralph, and the tears came into his eyes in spite of himself.

Tray looked at him a moment as if he really understood what he said, and picked him up at once, and carried him along a few steps as he would a young puppy, and then put him down to rest. He continued to do so, and each time Ralph would pat him on the head and called him "Good Tray."

At last they were in sight of the house, and Tray put him down under a shady tree, and started homeward as fast as he could trot, and began the most violent barking, until the whole household was aroused.

Ralph's mamma followed him until he came to the spot where he had left her little boy, anxiously waiting for Tray's return.

As soon as Ralph had explained matters, Tray picked him up as before, and trotted on until he reached the house, where he dropped him on the carpet, and laid down to rest with his head in Ralph's lap to be patted once more.

Ralph's papa and mamma felt very thankful to good old Tray for taking such good care of their little lame boy. And they loved him and cared for him until he became an old gray dog, and could draw Ralph no longer.

When he died and was buried, Ralph put up a stone with this inscription upon it, "Here lies our faithful dog Tray."—*Sunday School Advocate.*

A Novel Entertainment.

At a social gathering, some one proposed this question, "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed in:

Teach her that one hundred cents make a dollar.

Teach her how to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to say "No," and mean it, or "Yes," and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and do it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for comfort and health, as well as for appearance.

Teach her how to cultivate flowers, and make and keep the kitchen-garden.

Teach her to make her sleeping-room the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomly as well as very injurious to health.

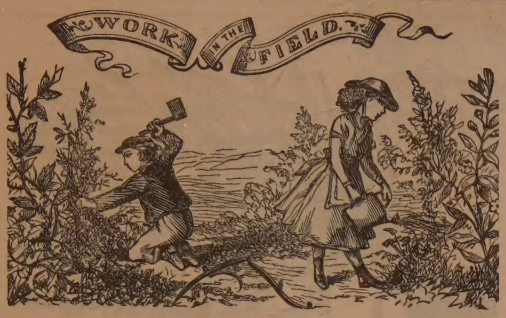
Teach her to regard the morals and habits and not money in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for every thing, and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism: That the more she lives within her income, the more she will save, and the farther she will get away from the poorhouse.

Teach her that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher, without a cent, is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.—*Sel.*



Sermon.

Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 *Tim.* ii. 3.

"We had a sermon especially to children to-day" said Lucy.

"Oh I'm glad of that," said Mary. "If I were a minister I would preach to children very often."

"So few children go to church, that it seems hardly worth while for a minister to prepare special sermons for them."

"I think more children would go to church, if there were more said to them after they got there," said Mary.

"I know of some ministers who preach to children the first ten minutes of the time given to the sermon on each returning Sunday. They do this earnestly, and regularly, and the children in those churches cannot stay away from church with the plea that they have not been provided for, and that their wants have not been considered in the church service.

"I should like to have *our* minister do that, I am sure I should," said Mary.

"Well, all ministers do not see alike. They must have their different ways of doing according to their own differing judgements. We children must be very grateful to them when our wants are considered at all. The sermon that our minister gave to-day was a very useful one to us all. It was about endurance, and that you know is something that we children need to learn. The older people have been taught, by the experience of life, how to endure. But we children have not had that experience, and of course we cannot know a lesson until we have had opportunity to learn it."

"But there are more ways than one of being taught," said Andrew. "Some receive their knowledge by experience, while others get their's by precept, or by the example of other people."

"Yes that is true Andrew. Our minister spoke of that this morning. He said that we children ought to be very careful to get knowledge in all of these three ways. We ought to see what has worked for good or ill in the experience of other people and then we should adopt the right ways, and avoid the wrong ways, knowing that our future prosperity will be great or small according as these lessons are perfectly or imperfectly learned. Then he said we should attend to all the advice that we may receive from older people, and use that as wisely as possible, and when we are in the way of these two opportunities of learning, we should also take our own life-lessons to heart, and grow wiser with each experience as it passes. He read us a poem which he said was a very good sermon for us. It was this

Oh, those tangles, don't they pull!
Never mind; who cares?
There are other tangles, boy,
Worse than tangled hairs.
Now, when I was young, you know,
Grandma used to say,
Life was like a youngster's head,
Getting snarled each day.

I've grown old, and yet that truth
To my mind still clings;
For, indeed, this world's a place
Full of tangled things—
Tangled notions, tangled ways,
Tangled habits, too—
And what patience does it need
To comb those tangles through!

Pull? Well, yes, and hurt as well;
They set the world to crying;
For Mother Nature's comb is fine,
The fact there's no denying,
But patience, little boy, you see,
In time must smooth away
The worst of tangles, whereso'er
They cluster day by day.

So now my sermon's finished, and
I've worked away so fast
That here's this curly head of yours
All smoothed and fine at last.
And just remember there are things
Far worse than tangled hairs;
So, when they pull, why, never mind,
But bravely say, "Who cares?"

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

At Plymouth the Sunday school grows and nearly 200 books have been gathered for its library.

NEW YORK.

In the new society the 4th Universalist of Brooklyn though they are but six months old, they have a school of 105 members.

A new Sunday school has been organized in Pawling Avenue, Troy. The Troy telegram says "it is not often that a new movement starts out with more promise of usefulness."

ILLINOIS.

The few brave workers at Litchfield are rewarded by seeing their work prosper in their hands. The *Universalist* says they have a Sunday school that would be creditable to much larger societies.

COLORADO.

A Universalist Sunday school has been recently organized in the new town of Atwood with nineteen persons present.

It was the first meeting of any kind held in the town and colony, and all were happy to enjoy the occasion.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

206.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 3, 17, 8 is where we go when night comes.
My 20, 10, 21 is what we do every day.
My 1, 2 is a pronoun in the masculine gender.
My 5, 6, 6 is a house of entertainment for travelers.
My 5, 8, 10 is a girl's name.
My 1, 10, 14 is what we wear on our head.
My 3, 9, 7, 5, 6 is what we do when we commence a thing.
My 19, 5, 14, 13 is what boys fly.
My 8, 4, 3, 21 is what a man owes.
My 16, 10, 16, 10 is a parent.
My 11, 18, 12 is the opposite of night.
My whole is in Hebrews.

Blanche Robbins and Gertie White.

207. — ANAGRAM.

Sa docl awetrs ot a hirttsy lous os si dogo wens morf a raf oucnryt. *Harry Fenn.*

208. — DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant : A grown boy : Invasions : Modest flowers : Worn on bonnets : A fowl : A consonant.

Carrie McGregor.

209. — ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 11, 20, 23 is a part of the foot.
My 2, 1, 7, 3, 17 is what flows through the land.
My 18, 16, 9 is what we all like.
My 12, 15, 8 is a farming tool.
My 22, 10, 16, 11, 12 is a part of the head.
My 19, 13, 20, 18 is a part of a house.
My 24, 15, 15, 14 is part of the day.
My 21, 6, 14, 5 belongs to me.
My 1, 4, 5 is frozen water.
My whole is in the New Testament.

Hattie L. Gould.

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

THE GAME OF PUSH PIN.

The game is usually played by two players only, and each player puts down on the table one, two, three, or more pins, as may be decided upon. At starting the pins are to be placed in couples, head to head, one pin of each couple being placed by each player. Each player then alternately pushes his pin with his finger-nail, endeavoring to push it across his opponent's pin, and should he succeed both pins become his, but if he fail his opponent plays. The push is not to be a continued push, but a sort of a shove with the finger-nail, by bending it on the table and letting it fly up to hit the pin in the required direction.

202.—ENIGMA.

Great are thy tender mercies O Lord.

203. — DIAMOND PUZZLE.

J
T E A
T U R N S
E N D U R E S
J E R U S A L E M
B A L A N C E
S O L I D
S E E
M

204. — ENIGMA.

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes.

205. — ANAGRAM.

He came unto His own and His own received him not.

CONNUDRUM.

Why are seeds, when sown, like gate-posts ?

Because they are planted in the earth to propagate.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Lydia A. Heacock, 2 ; Maude Lake, 3 ; Lura and Nellie Sheldon, 3 ; Mittie Hayner, 2 ; Edith M. Burlingame, 3 ; Annie I. Arnold, 3 ; G Frank Ricker, 2.

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